

To the W O R S H I P F U L
William Jackson, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgessees,
 And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
 TOWN of NORTHAMPTON;
 This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec. 1754*, to the 18th Day of *Dec. 1755*; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 5) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 3. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 1. The Meeting on the *Green* 3.

Diseases. **A** Bortive 2 | Chincough 1 | Dropsy 5 | Looseness 1 | Small-Pox 4 | Drowned 2
 Aged 15 | Consumption 26 | Gout 1 | Mortification 1 | Teeth 1
 Apoplexy 2 | Convulsion 8 | Imposthume 1 | Palsy 3 | Scalded 1

Christened, Males 41. Females 47. Total 88. | Buried, Males 29. Females 45. Total 74.

Whereof have died,
 Under Two Years old - 16 | Five and Ten - 4 | Thirty and Forty - 6 | Sixty and Seventy 7
 Between Two and Five - 3 | Ten and Twenty 1 | Forty and Fifty - 6 | Seventy and Eighty 8
 Twenty and Thirty 5 | Fifty and Sixty - 13 | Eighty and Ninety 5

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total
ALL-SAINTS.	41	47	88	29	45	74
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	25	13	38	16	10	26
St. GILES'S.	15	17	32	16	16	32
St. PETER'S.	1	3	4	6	5	11
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				1	4	5
In the whole Town.	82	80	162	68	80	148
Increased - - - 22				Decreased - - - 24		

I scarce can see a Monument, but holds
 MY Younger; * Every Date cries—"COME
 AWAY."

What, tho' we wade in Wealth, or soar in Fame!
 Earth's highest Station ends in—"HERE HE LIES"
 And "DUST to DUST" concludes her noblest Song.

How blest the Man, who, sick of gaudy Scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between US and OURSELVES)
 Is led, by Choice, to take his favourite Walk
 Beneath DEATH's gloomy, silent, Cypress Shades,
 Impierc'd by Vanity's delusive Ray;
 To muse on the venerable Dead;—to muse
 On his own End;—and moralize on Tombs.

What GRAVE instructs the best?—a Friend's;—
 and yet
 From a Friend's GRAVE, how soon we disengage?
 Even to the dearest, as his Marble, cold.

* Dr. YOUNG (from whose NIGHT-THOUGHTS
 these Verses are extracted) being between 70 and 80 when
 he wrote that truly-valuable Poem. Price 3 s.

Why are Friends ravish'd from us?—'Tis to bind,
 By soft Affection's Ties, on Human Hearts,
 The Thought of DEATH, which Reason (negligent,
 Or misemploy'd) so rarely fastens there.
 Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the Witchcrafts of the World.
 Behold th' inexorable Hour at hand!
 Behold th' inexorable Hour forgot!
 And to forget it the Chief Aim of Life,
 Tho' well to ponder it is Life's Chief End.
 RELIGION's all—Descending from the Skies
 To wretched Man, RELIGION in her Lap
 Holds out this World, in her Right Hand the next.
 RELIGION! Thou the Soul of Happiness;
 And groaning † CALVARY of Thee!—There shine
 The noblest Truths!—There strongest Motives strike.
 Can LOVE allure us?—Or can TERROR awe?

† The Mount where CHRIST was crucify'd.

HE weeps!—The falling Drop puts out † the Sun.
 HE sighs!—The Sigh Earth's deep Foundation § shakes;
 For Guilt, not Innocence, his Life HE pour'd;
 If, sick of Folly, WE repent; HE writes
 Our Names in Heaven, with that inverted Spear
 (A Spear deep-dipt in Blood!) which pierc'd his Side,
 And open'd there a Fount for all Mankind.
 THIS, only THIS, subdues the Fear of Death.
 To Man the Bleeding Cross has promis'd all;
 The Bleeding Cross has sworn Eternal Grace;
 WHO gave his Life, what Grace shall HE deny?
 Religion!—Providence!—an After-State!
 Here is firm Footing;—Here is solid Rock;
 THESE can support us;—ALL is Sea besides;
 Sinks under us;—bestorms;—and then devours.

† There was darkness over all the land until the ninth
 hour. Luke xxiii. 44.

§ The earth did quake, and the rocks rent.
 Mat. xxvii. 51.